Flight Quirks and Other Things that Give Aizawa Shouta Headaches

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by ShadeCrawler

Summary

When Shouta was looking at the days of the week and ranking them in the order of how much he liked them, Wednesday was just above Tuesday in his book. Which was not saying a lot since Tuesday was at the very bottom of the list.

But unlike the day before, Shouta was ready. This time, he had his coffee.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When Shouta was looking at the days of the week and ranking them in the order of how much he liked them, Wednesday was just above Tuesday. Which was not saying a lot since Tuesday was at the very bottom of the list.

Tuesday was where all the bad things happened. Where the majority of Shouta's headaches came from. It always, *always* happened like that. It had been that way since Shouta was a kid much younger than his students. It was a rule that he learned very early on and one that Shouta lived by, even at the ripe old age of thirty. But Wednesdays? Wednesdays were the days that all the little, inconvenient things happened. Nothing like the day beforehand. Nothing too terrible. Just . . . annoying. Bad enough that made you long for Saturday but not bad enough for it to be more than slightly problematic.

But unlike the day before, Shouta was ready. This time, he had coffee.

Shouta sat at his desk in the teachers' lounge, sipping at his thermos full of hot coffee as he flipped through the notes that Nedzu had left on his class's behaviour during homeroom the day before. Nothing too bad. There were a few minor things but nothing that would warrant any detentions or any other punishments. Shouta, as both an old homeroom student of Nedzu and one of Nedzu's few personal students, was *more* than confident that Nedzu had been able to deal with it without any problem. Fucking rat probably traumatised his kids more than they already were.

. . . Oh well. Every kid at Yuuei, no matter the department, should be a *little* traumatised by Nedzu at one point or another. It was good for their character.

Shouta glanced up as the door creaked up, nodding politely when Thirteen stepped through. It was only him in the teacher's lounge, something that while not usual during the later times of the day was *extremely* rare for almost an hour before homeroom started. Thirteen paused in the middle of the doorway and Shouta could practically *feel* Thirteen blinking in shock behind their helmet at him being there. "Oh. Hello, Aizawa-senpai," they said softly, nodding back at him as they walked into the longue and closing the door behind them. "I didn't expect to see you here this early."

"I woke up early," Shouta muttered, blowing a strand of his hair out of his eyes. With Shouta, his sleep schedule was really all over the

place. His career as an Underground hero, and also as a teacher, forced him to consistently be on edge, ready to move at any moment. Constantly listening and analysing. It was something that served him well in both of his jobs. But it definitely made sleeping for more than ten minutes at a time . . . difficult, to say the least. Shouta was lucky to get six hours of interrupted sleep a night and, again, that was only if he was *extremely* lucky. And, unfortunately, it was a Wednesday. Which meant that he had fallen asleep at ten for three hours, stayed awake until three, fell back asleep, only to wake up at five thirty with no hopes of falling back asleep. And not wanting to wake his husband up so early, not after the man had gone to so much trouble for him the day before, Shouta had decided to get to school early and get some leftover work done. “Thought I’d get some work done before the next disaster.”

Thirteen hummed and nodded, making their way into the teacher’s lounge with an obvious air of caution about the bulkiness of their suit. The coffee incident hadn’t been the first time that Thirteen had accidentally bumped something over. Shouta found it slightly amusing. In battle, Thirteen was one of the most graceful heroes that he knew. But outside, they were as clumsy as a kitten. Thirteen was exactly like a kitten. Shouta liked kittens. “That’s why I’m here as well. It’s nice to get some work done without all the noise of the others.”

Shouta grunted approvingly, raising his thermos in a small salute. He actually really liked Thirteen. The hero was friendly enough and Shouta, while he’d never admit it, enjoyed the USJ joke that they made every year during rescue training. They were respectful of Shouta’s boundaries and had been ever since they were a first year and Shouta had been a sarcastic, bristly member of Yuuei’s Big Three alongside Hizashi and Tensei. They were one of the few heroes that Shouta could tolerate and one that he felt did excellent work in their field.

It also really helped that they also understood what it was like growing up with a villain’s quirk.

No one now would dare look at cheerful, kind, friendly Pro Hero Thirteen and accuse them of having a villain’s quirk. Not after using Blackhole to save hundreds of thousands of people and using it to become of the most known and respected rescue heroes around. But, like most heroes with a villain’s quirk, Thirteen hadn’t always been that Pro Hero. They had been a kid with a quirk that was a bitch and a half to control, one that they *couldn’t* control without their

protective suit and one that people mocked and called them villainous for.

Shouta still remembered when a small, shy fourteen-year-old Thirteen had told him of how they had rooted for him during his first-year sports festival. How it was nice to see someone else with a villainous quirk in Yuuei. How small Thirteen had sounded when they said that he really inspired them to go into hero work. Shouta still remembered how hard he had had to work to force tears back at actually *inspiring* someone. So, yeah, he liked Thirteen.

“I was actually hoping to talk to you today,” Thirteen said softly, settling into their desk across from Shouta. “First, I really am sorry for knocking over the coffee yesterday. I know that you drink it the most out of everyone, Aizawa-senpai.”

Shouta waved off the apology dismissively. “Don’t worry about it,” he grunted. “Just replace the tin at some point and it’ll be fine.”

“Already done. I went out and got some after school yesterday.” And that settled it. Thirteen was right behind Hizashi and Nemuri on the list of the people Shouta could most tolerate. “Though it looks like you got some of your own today. Unless that’s another smoothie?”

“No, not today. I managed to get another bag of my preferred brand.” Shouta took another sip of said coffee to hide the smile that wanted to form at the thought of how thoughtful Hizashi had been. To go so far out of his way to get Shouta his preferred brand of coffee when he could’ve just gone out and gotten one of his second or third choice brands. For no other reason than his husband had been having a difficult time and Hizashi wanted to see him smile. For the millionth time this year alone, Shouta quietly wondered how he had gotten so lucky to get a man as amazing as Yamada Hizashi. It was something that he would never be able to figure out. Shouta paused, briefly wondered how generous he was feeling before deciding that he was feeling particularly kind and grabbing the small box full to the brim with coffee flavoured chocolates sitting on his desk and offered it to Thirteen. “Chocolate? Not the whole box,” he quickly added, eyes flashing red in warning.

Thirteen raised their hands peacefully. “No, thank you. By the time I’d managed to get my suit off, it would have melted. And to be honest, I don’t really like coffee that much.”

Shouta fought the urge to wrinkle his nose and firmly reminded

himself that a person not liking coffee wasn't a reflection of their character. Oh well. More for him. Shouta slid the lid off and popped one in his mouth, asking around it, "So, anything else you wanted to say?"

"Oh, right! I wanted to know if you wanted to have Shinsou take some remedial lessons in rescue work," Thirteen asked, carefully stapling their fingers together. "The Provisional exam is coming up and there *is* going to be a rescue portion of it, just like always. I'm sure that you've had him do theoretical rescue assignments and he knows, *theoretically*, about what he's supposed to do in a certain scenario. But there's a big difference between reading case files and actually going out and practicing the procedures that he should follow. I was going to offer him remedial lessons anyway, but I wanted to know your opinion on it since you have been the one teaching him the past couple of months."

Oh. Right. The Provisional Exam. Shouta had nearly managed to put that headache out of his mind.

Shouta sighed and leaned back into his chair. Every year, he was one of the teachers that had to escort the second-year classes to the exam site and, without fail, every year he brought back at least one child back in tears who had failed. The exam was grueling and the only thing more difficult than the Provisional Exam was the Pro Hero Exam that they'd be taking a year later. Shouta had watched several kids, kids who had fought tooth and nail to get to where they were, walk out with dejected, ashamed expressions and have to take the remedial exam again after weeks of extra classes to catch up with the rest of their class.

There was no shame in it. The test was hard and challenging and had less than a 50% passing rate. Shouta usually patted the kids who failed on the head, told them that he understood that they had done their best and he was in no way disappointed, and then promptly tossed them at the nearest adult who was far better equipped than him with dealing with teary eyed kids.

But that was kids from previous years. Those kids had been in their second year. This year, Shouta was going to have to drive out with his class of first years to the exam site and sit there as he watched them go up against kids who had at least a year of experience on them. His kids who were having to rush making their super moves just to have a shot of competing with them. Had his kids had regrettable experience going up against villains? Yes. Had they performed well? Without a

doubt.

But they were *first years.*

Shouta was more than aware that there was a difference in skill when comparing first and second years. Without a doubt there was. First year was all about stretching their abilities, dipping their toes into the water, and getting them into the swing of things. Second year was when the real work started. Second years had the basics down and could start actually developing as heroes. Second years had the pleasure of slowly learning things that Shouta was forced to rush train into his kids. With the threat of the league, he saw few alternatives if he wanted his kids to survive. Them getting their Provisional Licenses was vital right now, especially with the League out there. *Especially* with Midoriya's talent of finding trouble.

But Shouta wasn't stupid. He had twenty kids. Twenty first years. Twenty first years that were going to go up against second years that would be gunning for them just because they were from the top hero school in Japan. If things went the way that Shouta expected them to, he'd be forced to comfort at least a couple of kids this year, if not more. Did he doubt their abilities? No. But they were going into a situation that they shouldn't have to for another year and expected to go up against kids with a year of intense training on them.

If Shouta believed in fairness, he'd say that it wasn't fair.

"Probably a good idea," Shouta muttered. "I've gone over case studies with him but you're right. There are some things you can only learn through doing. You can have him during his free periods this week." He hummed thoughtfully, thinking about the other kids in his class who could use the extra help. "Take Mineta and Aoyama too." Aoyama could always use the extra practice in aiming his laser in strategic places that would help clear the path but wouldn't send debris crashing down and causing unnecessary damage. It'd also be a chance for him to gain a bit more confidence before the exam. And Mineta . . . honestly, Shouta wondered at times how much that kid actually took in with their practical lessons. With theoretical lessons, the kid could easily get in the top five of test scores no problem. But in practical lessons, it was obvious that all he cared about was getting as much glory and attention as he could. Something that was the exact thing that would kill someone in the rescue field.

Goddamn children of the entitled parents on the Board of Directors.

Thirteen nodded. “Will do. I’ll grab them during their free period today and tell the three of them about the extra lessons.” They chuckled softly and shook their head. “Not that I think that Aoyama will be very upset about that fact. He’s really getting into the rescue lessons. He could be an amazing Rescue Hero with his quirk. Midoriya too if I’m being honest.”

Shouta hummed and fought the urge to preen at the praise Thirteen was giving his students. Aoyama and Midoriya had probably not even considered being Rescue Heroes, but Shouta could see the potential that they both had in that field. “I won’t argue there.” He glanced at the clock and stood, grabbing his sleeping bag, and slinging it over his shoulder. He also grabbed the plain black notebook that Nedzu had left on his desk along with a sticky note that said to return it to Midoriya and to thank him for the excellent read. Shouta could only wonder what the rat had read in it to be so impressed. “I should get going to homeroom. I’ll nap in there.” He wanted to check in with Midoriya to see if he had started floating at all since he had left him the day before. Both he *and* Hizashi had told the kid to text if he did but still, it wouldn’t surprise Shouta in the slightest if Problem Child tried dealing with it on his own. Shouta nodded politely to Thirteen as he passed them. “Tell Hizashi that I put lunch for him in the mini fridge if you see him, will you?”

“Of course, senpai. Have a good homeroom.”

Thirteen jinxed him. They fucking *jinxed him.* Homeroom was anything but good and it was all Thirteen’s fault because they *jinxed* him.

Homeroom was supposed to be easy. If Shouta was being honest, homeroom was usually just a glorified naptime for him. He gave the announcements, answered any questions that the kids had, and then promptly crawled inside of his sleeping bag and dozed until it was time for him to crawl out of his classroom to go teach 1-C law and ethics. He kept one ear on the conversations to make sure that there weren’t any fights or deathmatches brewing but, for the most part, his kids were pretty easy going. The worst thing that had happened in his homeroom in the past few weeks was Kirishima demonstrating how skilled he was with his quirk by slamming it against his desk and making a perfect impression of his face in the wood. Honestly, Shouta had almost not wanted to give him detention because of just how impressive the imprint in the wood was. Almost.

Shouta had managed to take a thirty-minute nap before it started, Midoriya had walked in with both of his feet firmly on the ground and Todoroki's hand held securely in his and even Shinsou looked like he had gotten a decent amount of the sleep the night before. He had given Midoriya back his notebook and fought the urge to warn him of how happy Nedzu was about it. It was shaping up to be an easy homeroom. It was supposed to be *easy*.

But of course, it fucking wasn't. He knew that it wouldn't be the moment after he said the announcement, "And, we'll be having more time today to work on your super moves to prepare you for the Provisional exam," and saw Mineta open his big, ever flapping mouth.

Being forthright as a hero wasn't necessarily a bad thing. Shouta himself tended to be blunt and honest about his opinions and never really bothered with sugar coating them for others. Nemuri was the same way. The two of them were blunt and outspoken to a fault that neither of them bothered denying. Hizashi was much better at dancing around words and softening the blow of the harsher ones. He had talent with words that Shouta knew that he would never have. Blunt and straight to the point. That was Aizawa Shouta.

But being blunt didn't mean being rude. It didn't mean cruel. It didn't mean that Shouta went out of his way to hurt peoples' feelings. Shouta was careful with how he said things. He, more than anyone, knew that words could be used to hurt people worse than any knife or any quirk. Shouta thought carefully on every word that left his mouth, especially around the school. It was something that, in his opinion, every good hero should do. Words were dangerous. Words could cut a person so deep that recovery wasn't always possible.

So, the moment that Shouta heard the words that left Mineta's mouth - the moment he saw Shinsou tense, Midoriya go ramrod straight, and Todoroki's head snap towards the small, unruly student - he knew that his hope of a peaceful homeroom had flown straight out of the nearest window.

"So Shinsou isn't doing those lessons, right? I mean, with his quirk, he's as good as Quirkless in a fight and we all know Quirkless means liability."

Shouta could only guess what expression had formed on his face at that question but, considering how the students in the front row all leaned away or shrunk in their seats, it wasn't a pleasant one. His hair tickled his neck as it stirred, and he felt the familiar dryness in his

eyes as red flashed over them. “Mineta,” he said calmly, coolly, dangerously. “I’ll be adding to your week of detentions.” He ignored the squawk from Mineta about the unfairness of the situation and slowly started to walk towards him. “Now, what exactly do you mean by your statement? And please, know that I can and *will* add more detentions.”

As he walked down the aisle, he kept one careful eye on Midoriya. The moment that the word Quirkless left Mineta’s mouth, Midoriya had gone still and tense, staring straight ahead with an unreadable expression on his face. His knuckles were white with how hard he was gripping his knees, the scars snaking up his arms pink against the white. He was mouthing the word *liability* silently, as if he was tasting the bitter flavour of the word. But what was most worrying was how Midoriya’s eyes had gone blank. The kid looked like he was a million miles away.

A million miles away on a rooftop, asking a hero if he could be a hero only to be let down in the worst possible way.

Mineta huffed and slumped in his seat, pouting at Shouta with crocodile tears brimming in his eyes. As if Shouta could be fooled by such things. “I just meant that he’s gonna have to stick to the shadows and stuff. Since his quirk is,” Shouta narrowed his eyes dangerously and Mineta faltered before continuing, “. . . mental then he won’t be fighting like the rest of us. He’ll basically be Quirkless which means that he’ll be a major liability!” He threw his hands up dramatically. “What could someone Quirkless do in a fight besides just getting hurt? They’re practically useless! They don’t have any use; they aren’t worth anything. It’s not like I’m wrong!”

Midoriya shouldn’t be here for this discussion, Shouta realized suddenly. There was no way that this was good for the kid that was still wrapping his head around the fact that Quirkless didn’t mean useless. The emptiness in his eyes alone told Shouta that he should send Midoriya out of the classroom right fucking *now*. But there was no way for Shouta to pull him out of the classroom without singling him out and bringing the boy attention that he *knew* Midoriya didn’t want.

God. Dammit.

“You are not only wrong,” Shouta said, voice full of the calm anger that several of Shouta’s previous students that he had expelled had heard seconds before the expulsion papers were signed. If only

Mineta's parents weren't on the board of Trustees. If only. "You are catastrophically misguided and ignorant, and your statement shows that. Quirkless does *not* mean liability. It does *not* mean useless. I'm adding onto your week of detention with an additional two days for your Quirkest comments. Something that seems to becoming quite an issue with you, Mineta."

If this pattern continued then Shouta would have to call Mineta's parents *again* to have a conversation about their son's conduct. Which would most likely lead to the father saying in the most condescending voice ever, '*Boys **will** be boys, Aizawa-sensei.*'. Aizawa still couldn't believe that people were still saying things like that in this day and age, let alone using it as an excuse for deplorable behaviour. God, his parents would've killed him if they ever caught him calling Quirkless people useless growing up. His Mama would've been so disappointed, his Papa would've started crying, and his Mum would've lectured him until Shouta's ears were burnt red. How could parents allow their *kids* to get away with things like this? How could they *teach* them these things?

Shouta slowly looked around the classroom. All eyes were on him except for Midoriya's, who was still staring blankly at the chalkboard, and Todoroki, who was staring directly at his friend like he wanted nothing more than to rush him away from all of this and hide him from any negative opinions of Quirklessness. Shinsou was glancing between Shouta and Midoriya, worry clear on his face, clearly wanting to reach out but not having the slightest clue on how. For a split second, Shouta saw himself and Sakura where Shinsou and Midoriya were sitting and had to swallow the bile in his throat. "I want to make it clear to all of you," he said coolly, "that Quirkest comments like the one that Mineta just demonstrated are *not* tolerated. Quirkless people are not useless, and they are not nothing. I want to make that absolutely *clear*."

Mineta huffed and slumped further in his seat. "It's not like they'd ever be anything worthwhile like a hero or something," he muttered. Shouta turned, opening his mouth to tear the boy apart, to assign more detentions, when two soft spoken words cut through the air so easily that it made everyone go silent.

"Why not?"

Everyone turned to look at Midoriya. The boy hadn't looked away from the chalkboard and his face was still set in that expressionless mask. But Shouta could see that spark in his eyes that he sometimes

saw in his own eyes when he looked in the mirror. Midoriya was *angry*. “Why can’t Quirkless people be heroes,” Midoriya asked. His voice was dull, but it was building in intensity with every word. “I don’t understand why. I,” he ducked his head to stare down at his scarred hands, lips twitching down into a frown. “Why would they be liabilities? I don’t *understand.*”

Shouta took in his Problem Child sitting there, hurt and pushed down by society until he felt the only way that he would have any worth at all would be to take a quirk from a man who should’ve encouraged him instead of being just another hand pushing him back down. A boy who had accepted his position in society for so long until Aizawa had come along and told him, “No, that wasn’t right. That wasn’t how you should have been treated. It was *wrong.*” And now he was confused and angry and didn’t understand why people kept hurting others like him when Aizawa and his support system told him that it was wrong. He didn’t get it and now Shouta was witnessing Midoriya Izuku starting to ask out loud the question that he had probably been thinking for years. Why not?

But Shouta could see the tremor in Problem Child’s hands and could see just how much it was hurting him to ask this question in front of everyone instead of in the safety of his dorm room with Todoroki, Hound dog’s cozy little office, or standing in front of just Shouta who would never judge him for his experiences. No. This was *enough.*

“Mineta. Report to Principal Nedzu’s office immediately. Iida, go with him and report on what happened.” Shouta gave Iida, someone that was practically his nephew, a stern look that probably wasn’t necessary. “Come back to class immediately afterward, Iida.”

“Yes, Aizawa-sensei! Of course!” Shouta deafened himself to Mineta’s whines and complaints as Iida herded him out of the classroom, looking around at the remaining students as he searched for any hint that they agreed with Mineta’s words. Uraraka was eyeing Midoriya in concern along with Shinsou and Todoroki while Kirishima looked oddly thoughtful as he stared down at his desk. But Shouta couldn’t see any hints of discrimination on any of the kids’ faces. There wasn’t any disgust, anger, or any other emotions that most people would connect with Quirkless people.

But Shouta wasn’t naïve enough to believe that discrimination was always loud and boisterous. Sometimes it was quiet, unintentional, and well meaning. Right now, he needed to get Midoriya out of this environment. “Midoriya.” The kid’s head snapped towards him, the

anger draining from his eyes and leaving two empty husks behind. Shouta forced himself to turn his back on the boy and walk to his desk, opening up a drawer and pulling out an envelope that he knew was in every single teacher's desk. "Take this to Hound Dog for me, will you Problem Child?" Inside the envelope was a pass dismissing the student from as many classes as needed. There was a stack of ten of the envelopes in every teacher's desk in Yuuei just in case something happened like this where a student needed to discreetly leave the classroom. They were all sent to Hound Dog, but they didn't necessarily have to stay there. As long as the kid wasn't alone and had someone with them then Hound Dog was fine letting them go wherever they needed to as long as he felt they were safe to.

Shouta had been given several of these envelopes when he was a student himself and he had spent the majority of his time out of class sitting across from Nedzu in his office, sipping on some tea, and trying to make sense of the flurry of emotions swirling within him.

Midoriya stared at Shouta for a moment before nodding and standing up. His movements were practically robotic as he took the envelope from Shouta. "Yes, sensei," Problem Child whispered softly. Shouta stared down at him, wondering briefly if leaving the kid alone when he was like this was the right thing to do.

Luckily, Yaoyorozu had the same thought as him. "Ah, Sensei?" The girl raised her hand, posed and calm but with a hint of nerves to her. "May I walk to Hound Dog's office with Midoriya-kun? I," she faltered, obviously attempting for a reason that she would have to accompany her friend, "it is on the way to the third year Management classroom, and I wanted to speak to Kayama-sensei about my costume. About design changes I could make to it. If that's okay, of course," she added on hurriedly.

Nemuri had spent a free period with Yaoyorozu the day before going over possible design changes that she could incorporate into her costume to make it less revealing. Shouta knew for a fact that there was no reason for Yaoyorozu to go seek Nemuri out right now. It was a weak excuse at best but one that he was willing to go with for Midoriya's shake. He saw the genuine concern in her eyes and the way they kept flicking to Midoriya told him of just how concerned the vice-president currently was, so he nodded. "Of course, Yaoyorozu. Go on, both of you."

Yaoyorozu nodded, primly standing from her desk, and grabbing her bag. Shouta watched her walk over to Midoriya and offer her hand,

something that he had noticed many of his kids doing lately. Cute. It was almost enough to make his cold, empty, dead heart melt. Midoriya took the hand robotically, letting Yaoyorozu lead him out of the classroom. Shouta waited until the door clicked behind the two of them before reaching for his thermos of coffee and taking a long, hearty swallow of the only thing currently keeping him sane.

Finally, he put the thermos down on the desk with a loud *thud* that made his kids jump in their seats. “Now,” he said slowly and darkly, “that I’m *wide awake*, let’s continue.” Jirou winced in the front row and Shouta couldn’t blame her. A wide awake Aizawa Shouta with an axe to grind wasn’t what *anyone* wanted this early in the morning. “Does anyone share Mineta’s opinions on Quirkless people? Raise your hand if you do.”

No one raised their hands. Todoroki was glaring at his fellow students suspiciously, most likely thinking of both his brother and his best friend and how they had both been stepped on all their lives. Shinsou had a scowl on his face that he had probably gotten from Shouta, slowly looking over the others like he was scanning them for any hints of discrimination. Kirishima didn’t even look up from the desk, staring down at it like it was going to hold answers to questions that he wished that he didn’t have to ask. No anger, no disgust, not even confusion. All of his students looked almost insulted that Shouta would even have to ask that.

Shouta waited a few moments before nodding sharply. “*Good.* I expect better from Yuuei students and even better from *my* students. Quirks are a blip on the timeline of humanity. They appeared two hundred years ago but humanity has been thriving for thousands of years before that. So, I don’t want to hear any discriminatory comments towards Quirkless people.” And God help any student, in Shouta’s class or out of it, who used the slurs *Null* or *Geneless* in Shouta or any other teachers’ hearing. He’d have them thrown out of Yuuei so fast that they’d get road rash from skidding across the parking lot. Never mind the League of Villains or any other goddamn villains. Not in his school.

“Have I made myself clear?”

“Yes, Aizawa-Sensei!”

Shouta nodded and sharply turned on his heel back to the front of the room. “Good. Now, back to announcements.”

Shouta stood by the window of the teachers' lounge, lips curled up in a smirk as he watched Mineta walk off of the school grounds with a fuming father walking out beside him. A week's suspension wasn't ideal. Fuck, it was barely anything when looking at how badly Mineta had upset Midoriya this morning and how Quirkest he had been lately. But it certainly nothing to disregard either. When considering his quirkest comments, looking back at all of the past incidents, and the fact that he was on academic probation, Nedzu had managed to push through an entire week of suspension. Shouta could already imagine the pure relief his kids would feel when he told them the news. He had never received any complaints about him, but it was more than obvious that they didn't appreciate his unsavoury nature.

So, a Mineta free week. This was the blessing that he would gift upon his brats.

"Ah, Aizawa-kun?"

The smirk slid off of his face and Shouta sighed, taking a long sip of his coffee as he turned around to face the man standing behind him. Yagi was standing there awkwardly, shifting back and forth on his feet. There was a folder in his hands that he was twisting nervously. The man looked nervous to just be in Shouta's very presence. Which, fair. This was the first real time they were talking since Shouta had torn apart several of his past decisions and forbidden him from speaking alone with his protégé. So, yeah, Shouta didn't really blame the man for being nervous. "Yes, Yagi-san," he asked dryly, arching an eyebrow.

Yagi hesitated before jerking his head in the direction of one of the private, soundproof rooms. "May I speak to you alone? It is about the . . . project that myself and Nedzu-san took on?"

Immediately, Shouta straightened and nodded sharply. Excellent. Hopefully, the two of them had managed to find out some possible quirks that Midoriya might manifest soon. To anyone else, getting the information this fast would be unbelievable and it would mean that the information might be unreliable. But Shouta had seen Nedzu get much harder to find information in less time. Honestly, this really wasn't that impressive. "Of course. We'll use a private room." He swept past Yagi, swiftly walking out of the teachers' lounge and towards one of the closest private rooms. But not before pausing by where Hizashi was working at his desk and leaning down to press a kiss to his cheek before quickly moving on his way out of the teachers' lounge before Hizashi could do anything but squawk in

embarrassment and turn a bright red.

He was a loving Goddamn Husband, what could he say?

Shouta swept past several groups of students, Yagi right on his heels as they made their way to one of the many private rooms that Yuuei had at its disposal. He opened the door and gestured for Yagi to go in first before going in and closing the door firmly behind him. “What have you found,” he asked briskly, crossing his arms, and leaning his back against the door.

“Nothing concrete,” Yagi sighed, rubbing the back of his head, and giving Shouta a sheepish smile. “Nedzu-san and I did plenty of research yesterday and this morning and we haven’t found all of the past users. And, uh, we’re not exactly sure if these are the past users for sure. But, well,”

“You have a pool of dead people with quirks that Problem Child *might* manifest,” Shouta interrupted, arching an eyebrow. He hummed approvingly when Yagi nodded and pushed himself off of the door. “Better than nothing. What makes you think that these people might’ve been users of One for All?”

Yagi sighed and handed over the file to Shouta and immediately flipped open. There had to be at least thirty different profiles in there. “Well, All for One was still active before Nana’s death.” The man faltered at the mention of his mentor’s passing and Shouta kindly didn’t say anything as Yagi took a moment to pull himself back together. “Very active. These people all had sudden mutations in their quirks that could’ve been One for All presenting itself. But, with All for One as active as it was then any of these potential users could’ve simply been followers of All for One that received a simple strength enhancement quirk. They are fairly common after all and All for One never minded giving those out.” The skeletal man laughed, a haunted look passing over his face. “He gave them out as if they were candy.”

A shiver ran up Shouta’s spine at the thought of so many people with strength enhancement quirks loyal to that monster that nearly killed his students. Common they might be, but strength enhancement quirks were still extremely dangerous. “Lovely,” he muttered, scanning one of the top profiles. Daigoro Banjo. Lariat. “I know this one,” he muttered, tapping the blurry picture. It was fuzzy and blurry, like most photos taken of Underground Heroes. “Lariat. He’s a legend in the Underground. One of the most infamous Underground Heroes there ever was. I doubt that he was loyal to All for One.”

Or maybe that was just a desperate hope that he wasn't? Lariat really *was* a legend in the Underground. Shouta had stumbled upon stories of him when he was still in middle school, head deep in Underground forums. There hadn't been many stories of him. Honestly, there had been one grainy ass picture where his image could *just* be seen. But Shouta had seen those black tendrils erupting from his skin and read the comments about how scary, creepy, *villainous* that quirk was and latched onto Lariat as one of his favourite heroes. It was probably because of Lariat that Shouta had initially started thinking about taking the path to becoming an Underground hero.

If Lariat turned out to have been a turncoat this entire time then Shouta *knew* that would hit him hard and deep.

Shouta scanned the profile of Lariat. As expected of an Underground hero, or any *good* Underground hero, there wasn't much information on him. A grainy, blurry picture and a brief description of his quirk - black energy tendrils that could erupt from any part of his body and he could command them at will - along with a vague time period on when his quirk had suddenly mutated and had become unbelievably stronger and how he had also gained a second strength enhancement quirk. This could be All for One. Using an Underground hero to infiltrate the hero community. But it could also be One for All.

God, Shouta hoped that this was One for All.

"Nedzu-san believed the same. Lariat was, apparently, a hero that really jump started the Underground Hero community. But," Yagi ran a hand down his face, "there is still the chance that he *could've* been working with All for One. But he's still a potential candidate so we put him in the file. Nedzu said that you and Yamada would want to look these over to prepare for possible incidents." Yagi hesitated before pulling out his phone. "Also, I wanted to give you the phone number of my mentor, Gran Torino. He trained me and was very close with my Master. Young Midoriya interned with him?"

Right, Shouta remembered him. He didn't know much about the various retired Spotlight heroes, but he knew that Gran Torino used to be a Yuuei teacher and a very good one at that. He had never been taught by the retired hero himself, but he had heard tales of him and how it was him that turned out several top tenners. Shouta wasn't surprised that it was him that showed Midoriya a way on how to properly utilize One for All.

Shouta pursed his lips. "Why wasn't he training with Gran

Torino from the very start? If he trained you and was good friends with your mentor?"

"I thought . . . that I had it handled."

Shouta fought the urge to scoff. Handled. *Right.* "I'll give him a call," he said, instead of the hundreds of other things that Shouta *really* wanted to say. "Did he know your mentor? He would've been old enough, wouldn't he?"

Yagi coughed into his hand and nodded. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the droplets of blood off his lips, grimacing slightly as he cleared his throat. "Ah, yes. I've informed Gran Torino of all of these new developments and he, um, wants to speak with you. And Young Midoriya as well. He has suggestions on how Midoriya could possibly use Nana's quirk-"

"Midoriya's quirk." Shouta met Yagi's eyes evenly. "It's *Midoriya's quirk* now."

Yagi faltered before nodding. "Right. Young Midoriya's quirk. Sorry." He sighed. "Gran Torino would like to come and see Young Midoriya. After he speaks with you over the phone, of course. I can text you his number?"

Shouta nodded firmly. "Yes. I'll phone him after school today." He glanced up at the clock on the wall and sighed. "Lunch time is almost over, and I need to get going."

"You do?" Yagi blinked, tilting his head like a curious puppy. "Ah, isn't it 1-A's free period after lunch?"

Shouta hesitated, not sure how much he should say, before deciding to tell him the bare bones of what happened. "Midoriya dissociated during Homeroom today. I need to check in with him and Hound Dog and see if he's still able to attend his Quirk Counseling session today. If he is, I'll be sitting in to make sure that he'll be comfortable. If not, then I'll have to reschedule for tomorrow." He rubbed his forehead tiredly. He would never regret helping Midoriya with the vast amount of pressure on his shoulders. But he was *really* looking forward to the weekend where he could have calm Underground training sessions with Midoriya and Shinsou and then sleep. Maybe even cuddle with his cats and husband if he was feeling up for it.

"Oh! Well, I hope that Young Midoriya is feeling better," Yagi

said, wringing his hands in worry. “What caused him to dissociate? And, ah, why does he need you to accompany him to his Quirk Counseling?”

Shouta arched his eyebrow. “Quirkism,” he said bluntly. Yagi winced but nodded in understanding. “And to answer your second question, Midoriya doesn’t trust any adult. None. He only semi trusts me but it’s enough that he asked me to be there during the first few sessions. I see no problem with the arrangement. It keeps me updated on Midoriya’s progress and it’ll help Midoriya to stay calm.” Shouta shrugged. “I did the same with Kaminari when he was starting his private sessions with Hizashi.” It almost physically *hurt* to have so many students in one class that had been let down by so many adults that they needed someone they trusted there with them when meeting with new ones. “Either way, I’ll be busy during free period.”

Yagi seemed to shrink into himself, eyes wide with sadness. “He . . . doesn’t trust me?”

“Don’t take it personally,” Shouta said gruffly, snapping the file close and tucking it under his arm. “Problem Child has been let down by so many adults that I’m surprised that he’s willing to give us a chance at all.”

There was a pause before Yagi nodded, chuckling wryly. “And I suppose that I haven’t given him much reason *to* trust me.”

Shouta shrugged, not sugar coating it for him. “Nope.” He sighed and nodded to the file. “I need to check this over before lunch ends. I want to have a little bit more of an understanding of what we might be dealing with.” He saw a profile in there of someone with a *very visible* mutation quirk and he needed to start thinking of ways to handle the press conferences if Midoriya got a sudden mutation quirk. “You have class with 1-B to prepare for, don’t you?”

“Ah, yes, yes I do. And Yamada said that you’ll be spending Fundamental Heroics working one on one with Midoriya to work on Nana’s, I mean, Float?” Yagi cupped the back of his head sheepishly, looking guilty enough at the slipup that Shouta decided not to say anything.

Shouta hummed and nodded. “Yes. He needs to get accustomed to it. The sooner, the better.” Maybe he should have Midoriya go through an obstacle course at some point. Get him used to using Float while moving. It was a little advanced, especially since he only got it

yesterday. But, well.

Plus Ultra.

"Right, right." Yagi cleared his throat awkwardly before nodding to the door. "I . . . should be going, I suppose." He quickly ducked around Shouta who watched him go silently.

This was going to take a while for him and Yagi to regain a sense of equilibrium. Yagi had made so many mistakes that Shouta's respect and trust in the man had been shaken and Shouta had called Yagi out so harshly that Yagi now didn't know how to act around him. But they'd figure it out again.

But Shouta would worry about that later. For now, he had profiles to read and a Problem Child to find.

It seemed that Shouta and Midoriya were more alike than he had previously thought. Because after doing a quick check in with Hound Dog on where he could find his wayward Problem Child, Shouta found himself knocking on Nedzu's office door.

"Come in!"

Shouta opened up the office door only to be assaulted with the fresh aroma of the same mint tea blend that Nedzu gave to fifth teen year old Shouta when he needed help with calming down. Nedzu was sitting at one of the couches in his office, a cup of mint tea in his paws and another one of Midoriya's notebooks cracked open in front of him. Midoriya was curled up on the opposite couch, a fresh notebook in his lap. From where Shouta was standing, he could see that the kid had already filled out several pages. Nedzu grinned when he saw his former student, dipping his head. "Ahh, Aizawa-kun! So good to see you. Come in, come in."

Shouta nodded, closing the door behind him as he walked further into the office. "Nedzu-san. Problem Child." He glanced down at the kid and relaxed a little at what he saw. Midoriya was a little more at ease than he had been in the classroom, most of the tension having drained out of him and the light had returned to the kid's eyes. He no longer looked like a living doll so that was something, at the very least. Shouta sat down next to the kid and grabbed the cup of mint tea that Nedzu had probably started to pour the moment that Shouta knocked on his door. "Feeling a bit better there, Problem

Child?"

"Yes, sensei," Midoriya said softly, giving him a small, weak smile. "Nedzu-sensei saw me in Ryo-sensei's office when he walked in to grab some papers," probably suspension papers for Mineta, "and offered to do some analysis with me, since he's not busy and Ryo-sensei said that I should take some time to calm down." The smile faltered and Midoriya ducked his head in an unnecessary apology. "I'm very sorry for the scene I made in the homeroom. And for missing my morning classes. Again."

"Nonsense," Nezu chirped before Shouta could get a word out. He took a long sip of his tea before continuing. "From what you told me about what happened, your reaction to what happened was extremely justified, Midoriya-kun. That being said, for the sake of your mental health, we may have to set up a silent single system for when you begin to feel overwhelmed before we hit a critical point like this again." Shouta had to hide a wince at that. Nedzu was right. A few of his kids had silent signals for when they were feeling overwhelmed, and they would immediately be setting one up for Midoriya. He should've found a way to get him out of that classroom much sooner than he did. But he couldn't dwell on it. It was a mistake that he would make sure didn't happen again. "And as for missing your morning classes, aren't you fourth in your class? Or, is it third now?"

Shouta hummed in agreement and nodded. "Third now that Bakugou is in General Education. And I've seen you reading ahead in several for several of your classes, kid. You'll be fine. And you weren't the one making a scene. Mineta said things that were extremely quirkest and you reacted in a way that's understandable. Especially considering your past." He reached out, slow enough that Midoriya would have the opportunity to pull away if he wanted and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Your teachers have been informed of why you weren't there and, I'm sure, your classmates wouldn't mind getting material together for you."

Shouta had seen Iida take out two notebooks once he had left the homeroom for 1-C's law and ethics. One had been labeled neatly ***English Notes*** while the other one had been neatly labeled ***Notes for Friends***. If he hadn't seen first-hand how fast Iida could write notes then he would honestly be concerned that the boy would fall behind in his want to help his friend. No, Midoriya would have no trouble catching up. And that was ignoring the fact that in situations like these, teachers gave out notes without any strings attached. In

emergencies concerning mental health, no one minded giving students the extra help that they needed.

That was something that Shouta had loved about Yuuei ever since he was a student himself. There weren't any teachers who brushed off a student's anxieties or mental health issues. They were all ready and willing to help. To stop and ask, *"What do you need and how can I help?"* When Shouta had been discovered by a newly hired Ectoplasm in his first year having a panic attack in the bathroom, he had been sure that he was going to be brushed off, told to man up, stop crying, and go back to class. He never, not in a million years, expected for the Pro Hero to crouch down on his level and start talking him through the panic attack and then promptly escort him to the Guidance Counselor's office once he had calmed down.

It was something that made Yuuei a safe haven. A place where people, teachers, *adults*, actually cared.

Midoriya twisted his hands nervously, glancing up at Shouta from behind his curly green bangs. "Mineta . . . what he said . . . Is he right," he asked. Asking the question that he probably had been holding onto for months, maybe years. "Are Quirkless people, would we," he faltered, "they. I mean," he faltered again and ducked his head. "Would Quirkless people really be liabilities in the field?"

"No." Shouta ducked his head and tilted it up, meeting Midoriya's eyes evenly. "They wouldn't be. If they're smart, know their limits, and know where they can be of the most help, they would *not* be liabilities in the field. But that goes for every hero hopeful. Anyone, quirk or no quirk, has the chance of being a liability if they're an idiot. It takes someone smart, dedicated, and determined to be a hero. Quirks do not factor into it."

Midoriya sniffled and ducked his head. "But . . . What if their support gear breaks?"

Shouta rolled his eyes. "What if a flash grenade goes off and I'm blinded in the field? I close my eyes and fall back on my training. Quirks all have a limit and there will be a time when you and your classmates won't be able to use your quirks. You'll be in the exact same spot as any Quirkless person." He reached forward and gently tapped his fingers against Midoriya's forehead. "Quirks are just as much a tool as a Support item is. They all eventually run out of energy and need a cooldown period. If two heroes walked out onto the field with me, one who relied solely on their quirk and one who didn't have

a quirk at all, I'd rather team up with the Quirkless person."

The small smile and huff that Midoriya let out felt almost like a win. "Well, yes, but that's 'cause it makes sense for you. Your quirk would work with their lack of one. If you teamed up with the one that relied just one their quirk to fight then you'd be erasing their advantage and they'd become a liability to you since they wouldn't know how to use hand to hand. But the Quirkless person wouldn't have that problem."

Nedzu laughed and nodded approvingly. "That is an excellent point, Midoriya-kun! But that does not mean that Quirkless individuals' only purpose in the heroics field would be working alongside someone with an erasure quirk. What is a Quirkless person's advantage that Quirked individuals do not have," he asked, obviously attempting to coax the proper answer out of the boy instead of telling him outright. That method of teaching had annoyed Shouta to no end when he had been a student. But now as a teacher? He definitely saw the merit in it.

And it was already working. Shouta could see Midoriya taking the question as seriously as he would any question on an exam, cupping his chin and narrowing his eyes as he thought the question over. Finally, he said slowly, "They'd always be underestimated. Thought of as weak. But that's not always a bad thing. If they're underestimated then that means that they can be clever and quick and take down a villain before the person they're fighting realizes what they're doing. So, really, it's the same advantage that a person with a quirk that people think is useless would have. They'll think that the Quirkless person will be beaten quickly so they'll put their guard down."

Midoriya held out his hands, so caught up in his answer that he didn't seem at all aware of Nedzu and Shouta watching him. Or, most likely in Nedzu's case, evaluating the kid's answer. "It's really similar to you, Aizawa-sensei. Your quirk is something that people think is weak, like the villains at the USJ. And it makes sense that they think that because of how you have to have the villains in your line of sight for your quirk to work properly and how quickly it dries your eyes out. But you know the limits of your quirk and work around them. That's why your capture scarf works so well. You can use it to keep your enemies at length or pull them in close where you can use their limited movements to your advantage. So, it's all about perception, isn't it? There's always going to be people out there who think that Quirkless means weak but that just means that you have to use that against them."

Shouta grinned into his capture scarf. “Good answer,” he said with an approving nod. Midoriya blinked, as if just remembering that he had an audience, and immediately ducked his head shyly. “There is absolutely no reason that someone without a Quirk couldn’t be a hero. If they’re smart, work hard, and don't give up then they have the exact same chance as anyone with a Quirk would.”

The wide smile that stretched across Midoriya’s face at Shouta’s statement *definitely* felt like a win.

The small bubble of peace that had formed around the three of them - the rat, his chaos demon, and his potential new young problematic analyst - was broken as the warning bell rang, causing Midoriya to jump in his seat and spill a drop of the mint tea on his knee. Shouta lazily looked up at the clock and sighed. “Free period. You good to go to your Quirk Counseling session, Problem Child, or you want me to push it back until tomorrow?”

Immediately, Midoriya straightened up and shook his head. There was a determined sheen to his eyes that told Shouta everything he needed to know. “No, sensei. I’m fine.”

“Great,” Shouta grunted. He drained his teacup with one gulp, putting it back on the saucer. Hard enough to make a small *clinking* sound but not hard enough to actually risk damaging the china. Nedzu would actually kill him if he did. That would probably be a bit traumatic for Nedzu’s new student to see Nedzu kill his old one. Out of the corner of his eye, Shouta could see Midoriya hurriedly finishing up his own cup, all the while trying to look like he wasn’t rushing it. Cute. “Let’s go then. I’m sitting in, remember?”

A line of tension faded away from Midoriya’s shoulders, one that Shouta doubted the boy knew had been there at all. “Oh, right! Thank you, Aizawa-sensei!” He stood up and bowed to Nedzu, the notebook pressed up against his chest. “And thank you, Nedzu-sensei. For letting me use your office. And for giving me tea. And for giving me an extra notebook.”

Nedzu waved the gratitude away with a patient smile. “Nonsense, Midoriya-kun! Feel free to stop by anytime. I always have time for one of my students. And, please, keep that notebook. I’d love to see what you’ve filled it with by Saturday.”

Shouta squinted from the sheer sunshine coming from the kid’s face and rolled his eyes. “Problem Child. Quirk Counseling. Four and a half

minutes until we are *late.”*

“Right! Sorry!” Shouta watched in slight amusement as the kid quickly fumbled for his backpack and took his other notebook from Nedzu, stuffing the notebooks inside and turning to Shouta with a sheepish expression. “Ready, Aizawa-sensei.”

“Good.” Shouta made sure to give a polite nod to Nedzu before turning to the door. “Then let’s get going.”

Midoriya’s Quirk Counseling lesson went by without incident and fast enough that it seemed that they had barely stepped in there before the bell was ringing and signalling that their hour was up. It had been so easy and calm that Shouta only thought that Midoriya had forgotten that he was there.

The counselor herself certainly helped with that. Anzai Mei was an old woman who was small, plain looking, and steady enough that she didn’t even seem fazed by Shouta explaining that Midoriya had developed a sudden mutation in his quirk and was expected to develop more down the line. He explained it away by bringing up Midoriya’s story of being a False Negative and how he was still learning what his quirk was and in what ways it could be used. Anzai had just shrugged and said that they would have to change the description of the quirk itself, probably change the name of it to something more suitable, but it wasn’t the end of the world.

Finally. A problem that wasn’t the end of the world. Shouta had nearly forgotten what dealing with those were like.

The hour had gone by so easily that Shouta felt like he had blinked, and it was over. Anzai and Midoriya came up with two different goals that Midoriya would work towards achieving. One that they would stick to for the entire time that they would be doing the sessions and one that they would change weekly. Goal one was gaining control over the quirk and learning about the different aspects and ways that it could be used. Goal two was learning how to move smoothly through the air while floating. Shouta approved of those goals. He even had several ideas of how they could work on helping Midoriya achieve the second one.

He wondered how many of his students ever played dodgeball before.

But the Quirk Counseling lesson was over and now Shouta was with

Midoriya in Gym Zeta, calmly walking around his student as the kid floated about five feet in the air. The rest of the class was with All Might and a bright-eyed Nemuri, who Shouta had shoved All Might babying sitting duty on so he could work with his Problem Child and figure out a way for him to fly instead of just bobbing in the air. Shouta wasn't a flier. He always felt that parkouring through the rooftops with his capture scare was kind of like flying but it didn't really match with what Midoriya could do and needed to learn how to do.

That was fine. This wasn't the first time he was having this realization and he had already come up with a possible solution.

"I called a third year down to come and assist me in helping you control this," Shouta said bluntly, eyeing Midoriya critically as he circled him. He wasn't bobbing in the air much which was good. The breathing lessons that Hizashi had given him were working well with keeping him in one spot. "They're more accustomed to flying than I am. And I believe that your quirks are similar enough that she should be able to help."

Midoriya glanced down at Shouta, wringing his hands nervously. "You think so, sensei?"

Shouta nodded sharply. "From what I've read of Shimura Nana's quirk, the description is lacking. Disappointingly lacking. She has the ability to suspend herself in midair, but quirks are never that simple. And seeing how vague the description is makes me think that it was vague for a reason."

"Maybe she wanted to hide it from All for One?"

"Maybe," Shouta conceded. "But I think that the reason is a lot simpler than that." He smirked into his capture weapon. "I think that she had a lazy Quirk Counselor who wrote down the first thing he came up with and didn't think any further on it." Shouta tilted his head. "See, most people think that all quirks are the same. A flight quirk is a flight quirk, and a strength enhancement quirk is a strength enhancement quirk. But it's rarely so simple. All quirks work differently. So, think Midoriya. You're the one with the quirk. What do you think makes this quirk different from other flight quirks?"

Shouta had a theory. He had come up with it the night before when he had been thinking back on the incident in Gym Eta. How he remembered, once he wasn't panicking and was able to think calmly

and analyse what had happened, the hairs on the back of his neck standing on end and how he almost felt like he was standing next to a generator. It didn't really matter if he was right or not. The third year would still be able to help Midoriya if he wasn't. But he was curious about what Midoriya thought about it.

Midoriya cupped his chin and hummed. "Well, um, it kind of feels like I'm being suspended in mid-air? No, that's what's happening, that's not a description of how it feels," he muttered, chastising himself almost exactly like a teacher would. "It . . . honestly, it feels kind of like when I use One for All. But it's definitely different. Like, jeez, how do I explain? Um, it still feels like energy is going through me but it's a lot less than One for All? Almost like it's," Midoriya gasped and Shouta winced at how the kid jumped two extra feet in the air, fighting hard against the instinct to cancel the quirk all together. "Like it's leaking out of me!" The kid grinned at Shouta who felt his lips tug upwards in a sharp mirror of the kid's excited one. "That's how it works, sensei!"

Excellent. Good to know that Shouta's merger analysis skills, in comparison to his mentor's, hadn't dulled in the past few years. "So, if we're both right, it's small amounts of energy leaking out of you that's allowing you to fly." Shouta shrugged. "Maybe we're right, maybe we're wrong. That's something for your Quirk Counselor to figure out. But it works for now. Energy can be manipulated and the third year that's coming to help knows exactly how to manipulate it."

Midoriya tilted his head, looking exactly like a kitten with his poufy hair and wide eyes. Shouta liked kittens. "Which third year is going to be helping-"

"Woah!"

Shouta calmly turned around while Midoriya did his best to turn in the air. The third year in question was standing in the entrance of the gym, hands cupping her face as she stared at Midoriya with a thousand questions on her lips and stars in her eyes. Her bright blue hair was bouncing alongside her as she vibrated in place. "You're flying! That's so cool! Aren't you that bone breaking kid? How are you flying? Is that part of your quirk? But I thought that your quirk was a strength enhancement one? Oh, oh, oh! Were you using energy stores to make yourself stronger? And now you're using it to fly? Is it energy manipulation? Like mine? Oh, that's so cool!" The girl ran up to Midoriya, throwing out her hands and pushing out swirls of bright golden energy to push her up in the air until she was floating nose to

nose with a shocked deer in the headlights looking Midoriya.

“Midoriya Izuku,” Shouta said, tilting his head with a small smirk, “meet Hadou Nejire.”

Hadou was an absolute lifesaver.

Shouta had never taught Hadou directly, having a third-year homeroom of his own once she and the rest of the Big Three had entered Yuuei. But he had had her in enough of his classes to know that she was basically Shouta’s Problem Child but with more self-confidence and a hell of a lot more self-preservation. She might not be a personal student of Nedzu’s, but she was someone who Nedzu kept a close eye on. Hadou didn’t have the raw talent for analysis that Midoriya had but she did ask the right questions. Nedzu *loved* people who asked the right questions.

But Shouta also knew that she would be more than capable of helping Midoriya get comfortable with his new flight quirk. Quirk Counselors and teachers were great. But people often forgot that upperclassmen could be just as big of a help, if not more. They were definitely more experienced but close enough in age that they could understand their underclassman and their troubles better. And watching Hadou lead Midoriya through the air of the gym in a mix of a race and a game of tag, Shouta knew that he had made the right call.

Shouta leaned against the wall, keeping one careful eye on the two students and the other on the clock. It had only been about thirty minutes of the two of them having their bizarre game of keep away and, while it was a double period of Fundamental Heroics, Shouta could see Midoriya starting to lag behind. Honestly, him being able to stay in the air this long was impressive. And the fact that he was actually flying instead of just floating in place? It showed just what asking for help could do.

Oh, fuck, Shouta could only imagine what would’ve happened if Midoriya had gotten float first. Kid probably would’ve cracked his head open on the ground before him or Yagi decided to ask for help.

Shouta let the two kids continue for a moment longer before deciding to call it for the day. He stuck his thumb and forefinger in his mouth and let out a sharp whistle. He jerked forward when Midoriya squeaked and startled, looking for a moment like he was about to fall.

But Hadou was already there, grabbing Midoriya's hand with one of her own and awkwardly but smoothly steadying them both until Midoriya regained control and pulled away with a grateful but bashful smile.

"You alright up there, Problem Child?"

"Yes, sensei!"

Shouta nodded sharply and continued speaking before Hadou could start asking the questions Shouta could see practically dripping off her tongue. "Alright, we're done here for today. Hadou, thank you for dropping by and helping. Midoriya, you did good today. Get your feet on the ground, get changed, and head to the dorms for some rest."

If it wasn't for the fact that Midoriya was soaked with sweat and his gym uniform was sticking to him, Shouta was sure that he'd be protesting. Thankfully, the kid just nodded and gasped out tiredly, "Yes, Aizawa-Sensei." He slowly lowered himself down to the ground and stumbled a little as soon as his feet touched the ground. Luckily, Hadou was close behind and already grabbing the first year's arm once again to steady him.

She gave him a bright grin, eyes almost shut from how wide she was grinning. "That was so much fun! You only started flying yesterday, right? But you're already so great at it! That's so weird since how you said that you only got the quirk a few months ago. It took forever for me to start flying! You must be so talented!" She leaned forward and smushed Midoriya's bright red face between her hands. "You're so cool, Midoriya-Chan!"

Midoriya squeaked, looking like he wanted nothing else but to fall into the floor and die. "I-I'm not that cool, Hadou-sen-senpai! Y-you just explained it r-really well!"

Hadou giggled and squished his cheeks a little harder before releasing him. "You're just like Tama-chan! Oh, and call me Nejire-Senpai! Being a senpai is great, I love having a kohai! We *have* to go flying again! Flying's so much fun, isn't it? Ohhh, you can come flying with me and Tama-chan, you'll love it! And he's so much like you, it's crazy! Do you think-"

Okay, this was going to go on forever if he didn't step in. "Hadou. Midoriya's tired. Exchange phone numbers if you want to talk with him about it more." Shouta rolled his eyes at Hadou's excited squeal and jerked his head to the changing rooms. "Get to it problem child,

Hadou . . . you're not my problem. Go find Snipe."

"Sure thing, Aizawa-Sensei," Hadou chirped. She grinned at Midoriya cheerily. "I'll find you later to exchange numbers, Midoriya-chan! I'll give you Tama-chan's number too! Oh, well, I'll ask first. Obviously. Tama-chan doesn't like people giving out his numbers to just anyone. But I really think that he'll like you, so I'll ask! Oh, your name's Izuku right? Can I call you Izu-chan? Is that okay? I can stick to Midoriya if you want!"

Midoriya grinned, looking a little startled by Hadou's bubbly and friendly personality but slowly relaxing. "O-oh, sure, N-Nejire-senpai. I don't mind."

"Great! I'll see you later, Izu-chan!" The third year rushed off to the girls' changing rooms, waving cheerfully over her shoulder before disappearing inside.

"Midoriya. Showers." He fought the urge to snort at how the kid jumped a little. "I won't say it again, Problem Child. You're going to crash soon, and I doubt that you want that to happen in the middle of the gym in a sweaty uniform."

"R-right! Thank you, Aizawa-sensei!" With that, the kid quickly stumbled off, pushing his hair out of his eyes as he went.

. . . He would need a haircut soon, Shouta added it silently to his long list of less urgent things to do when it came to class 1-A.

Shouta shook his head to clear his thoughts, leaning against the wall and closing his eyes to take stock of the kid's progress instead. Midoriya *was* doing pretty damn good with the quirk. If he kept it up like this then maybe he would be ready for the Provisional Licensing Exam by Shouta's two-week deadline. Of course, Hadou had been going pretty slowly and it was more than obvious that Midoriya was clumsy and awkward with his movements in the air. Still, it was an improvement. Shouta wasn't expecting him to be able to move perfectly through the air during the first lesson. But would it be enough? As the rational and hopeful sides of himself started to argue within him. Shouta felt persistent buzzing coming from one of his pockets. Dammit.

When was the last time he had checked his phone? Hizashi and Nemuri usually sent him pictures and texts through the day that always left Shouta with a small smile. But with the disaster in homeroom this morning and then keeping an eye on his ever

Problematic Problem Child he had must've forgotten to even check it. Dammit. Shouta sighed as he fished it out, pulling up his messages with practiced ease. His lips were already quirking up into a smile as he looked at the picture from Nemuri of Shouta pressing a kiss to Hizashi' cheek in the teachers' lounge and Hizashi's face frozen in a mix of elation and shock that his husband was showing affection so publicly.

Again, he was a loving Goddamn husband. Also, Hizashi had gotten him two bags of coffee and two boxes full of his favourite chocolates. The least Shouta could give him in return was a kiss on the cheek.

Shouta scrolled down his notices and paused when he came across a message from Yagi with nothing but a phone number. Right. Gran Torino. He had to call him today. That was going to be . . . fun.

Honestly, Shouta really had no idea what to think about Gran Torino. On one hand, the hero was a veteran hero who Shouta had only heard good things about. He had heard Nedzu speak about him once and the rat seemed to have nothing but respect for the man. And he taught Midoriya a way to use his quirk without permanently damaging him. That was something that already gave the man a bit of respect in Shouta's books.

But, on the other hand, he trained All Might. All Might who had somehow got it into his head that quirks were necessary for heroics. He regretted it, sure. But that notion had to come from somewhere. Was it just society as a whole or had his mentor fed into that mindset? Had Gran Torino said anything to Midoriya about Quirklessness?

Was Shouta being paranoid? Probably. Should he be concerned about that? Probably. He'd talk to his therapist about it Saturday.

Shouta sighed and programmed Gran Torino's number into his phone. He'd go into the conversation with an open mind. There was no reason to think that Gran Torino was Quirkest. Especially since he had heard nothing but good things about the retired hero by Midoriya when the kid had talked about internships. Yeah, he was *definitely* being paranoid.

"Aizawa-sensei?"

Shouta looked up from his phone to see Midoriya standing in front of him. Just as Shouta expected, Problem Child looked exhausted, eyes half open and looking ready to drop. Shouta fought the urge to smirk fondly. The kid might be doing good with the quirk so far, but he had

still only just gotten the damn thing. He wasn't exactly surprised that an hour in the air – or really thirty since the other thirty minutes had been spent with Hadou just teaching him how to move properly – had zapped all of the kid's energy. He had changed back into his uniform but had disregarded the tie all together. Shouta could see the piece of red fabric thrown in his backpack. Whatever. Midoriya was going back to the dorms so who really cared. "Ready to go, Problem Child?" Shouta hummed when Midoriya nodded tiredly, pushing himself off the wall and nodding to the door. "Go to the dorms, Problem Child. Ask your friends for help with catching up on what you missed today after you've rested."

Midoriya grinned tiredly and nodded. "Yes, Aizawa-sensei. Thank you for working with me today." He gave Shouta a small bow. "And for helping me after what Mineta said. I really appreciate it. Thanks."

Somehow, that genuine gratitude made the weight pressing on Shouta's shoulders ease up a little. He huffed fondly and shook his head. This kid. "Anytime, Problem Child. Go on. Before you collapse on the grass."

Midoriya ducked his head to try and hide his sheepish smile. "Yes, Aizawa-sensei." With that, Midoriya ran off. Probably to go take a nap. God, Shouta wanted a nap. A nap sounded damn good right now.

But there was one more thing to take care of before that happened.

Shouta sighed and walked out of the gym. He made a beeline for the teachers' dorms, nodding politely to the few students that he passed on the way. Classes were already done for the day for the General Education students and the other departments were almost finished with their extra lessons for their respective disciplines. The school day was almost at an end. And all in all, it really could've gone worse. Mineta was suspended, Problem Child was closer to understanding how exactly how to use his quirk, and he had put the fear of God into his kids to prevent any Quirkest behaviour.

Again, could have gone worse. But it wasn't over yet.

Shouta closed the door to his apartment, locking it behind him. Hizashi wasn't home yet, evident by the lack of loud singing or how his leather jacket wasn't thrown over the back of their couch. Precious was curled up in Shouta's favourite armchair and Shouta could hear Bastard jumping around in his and Shouta's bedroom. There was a sense of peacefulness in the air. Like speaking just one word would be

the thing that shattered that sense of peace.

Shouta took his phone out of his pocket and shattered that sense of peace by dialling Gran Torino's number.

A small part of him wished that Gran Torino wouldn't answer. Or that Yagi had accidentally given him the wrong number. Anything so Shouta wouldn't have to deal with this today. But luck wasn't on his side. It never fucking was. The line picked up on the second ring and Shouta winced at the brief static that rang through the phone before it was replaced by a voice of an old man. "Toshinori? That you?"

"Sir," Shouta said smartly, not letting even an ounce of the bone deep exhaustion he felt show in his voice. He walked over to his armchair, gently picking up Precious before sitting down and settling her in his lap. "This is Aizawa Shouta. I'm the homeroom teacher for Class 1-A at Yuuei Academy. Yagi-san gave me your number. He said that you wanted to speak with me?"

There was a huff from the other side of the line. "Oh, right. Forgot about that. Yeah, I remember that now. Toshinori said that he really screwed the pooch with you and the kid so apparently I gotta be the one to clean up the damn mess. Like usual."

Shouta arched his eyebrow but didn't comment. "Gran Torino-san –"

"Just call me Torino**,** kid."

The pure indignance that flooded Shouta at that word actually made him wrinkle his nose. Kid? "Torino-san. I was told that Yagi-san informed you about what's happened in the past week and a half." For a spilt second, Shouta hesitated. He wasn't sure how much he wanted to say over the phone. "Midoriya, your previous intern-"

"Yeah, yeah, I remember the kid." Shouta relaxed a little at the air of fondness in Torino's voice. "Apparently he started flying, huh? Kid was probably looking forward to that for a while, I bet. I didn't have the chance to talk to him about it when he was with me. Internship ended pretty fast cause of that whole, uh, *incident."*

Shouta almost laughed. *Incident*. Sure. They could describe three of his students being attacked by Stain as an incident. Shouta didn't know what other word they could really use other than *fucking tragedy*. "You think he was looking forward to it? You were aware that something like this could happen?"

“Uh, yeah? I knew that the chance of it was pretty damn slim since Toshinori or Nana never got,” Torino hesitated. “Fuck, probably should wait until we’re face to face to talk about this in depth. But, yeah, I knew there was a chance. Nana said that she never could but apparently her Master could.” There was a pause before Torino started speaking again, sounding just as annoyed and exhausted as Shouta felt. Fuck, being a teacher was draining. “Please fucking tell me that Toshinori told the kid there was a chance of this happening.”

Shouta snorted and shook his head, momentarily forgetting that Torino couldn’t see him. “No. He didn’t.”

Torino barked out a laugh. “Bet that was surprising for Midoriya then. Fuck.” Shouta winced at the staticky sigh. God, he hated talking on the phone. “I wanted to know if I could drop by. Figured that I should ask permission beforehand. Security was tight when I was a teacher, and I figured that Yuuei’s security only tightened even more after the past few months. Are there papers or anything that I have to sign?”

“Yes, there are. I can fax those papers over to you. You’ll also need an ID to get on campus.”

“Will my old Hero License work?”

“Not if it hasn’t been renewed in the past year.”

Torino snorted dryly. “Fucking figures. Ah well, I’ll just use my regular ID. What day can I drop by?”

Shouta hesitated before strengthening his resolve. There wasn’t going to be a better time to ask this. “Before we set up a date, I need to ask something. You’re aware of what Midoriya’s status was before Yuuei, correct?”

“Yeah, I know about it. Toshinori told me what happened and the mess he caused. And, unless Yuuei’s quality went down since I was a teacher, I know that you’re probably just waiting for me to say some fucking Quirkest bullshit so you can tear me to shreds to keep me from hurting your student. Well, you don’t have to worry ‘bout that. Didn’t care about Toshi’s old Quirk Status and I don’t care about the kid’s old Quirk Status. I honestly couldn’t care less.” A note of iron entered the retired hero’s voice. “I don’t know where Toshinori got the idea in his head that Quirkless kids can’t be heroes but I sure as hell didn’t put it there. He says that he regrets that, but I don’t blame you for being cautious. I would be too if this was my student. But I ain’t gonna say shit about the kid growing up the way he did. I can promise

you that."

Shouta hummed and nodded, a line of tension easing from his shoulders. That promise *did* help him relax to the idea. ". . . This Sunday works. Midoriya has Underground lessons from nine o'clock to eleven so you could drop by at around noon."

"Sounds good to me. I'll drop by then and see what pointers I can give the brat."

"Of course." Shouta glanced up when the door unlocked, smiling a little when he saw Hizashi walk in. His husband was already pulling off his leather jacket and his stiff hair style had, *by some miracle*, already been pulled down so his hair hung around his shoulders. Hizashi grinned when he saw Shouta, shooting him finger guns and winking at him before closing the door behind him and moving to the kitchen. "I look forward to seeing you then Torino-san."

"Yeah, sure. I'll see you then. Make sure that the kid doesn't crack his head open before then. That'd be a pain in the ass to deal with. See you Sunday, Aizawa-san." The line went dead before Shouta could offer a farewell himself and he stared at his phone for a moment before putting it back in his pocket with a shrug.

He's had worse phone calls.

Shouta turned in the armchair, being very careful of the sleeping cat in his lap. "'Zashi," he called out softly. "I have twenty profiles to go through of dead people whose quirks Problem Child might manifest. Wanna split the work?"

"And who says romance is dead," Hizashi snickered, walking back into the living room with a large mug of tea in his hands. "Why, *of course*, babe. I'd *love* to go over ten different profiles of dead people and come up with ten different plans for each of them in case your kid gets their quirk." He leaned down and pressed a kiss to Shouta's forehead. "Gosh, don't you know that this is what husbands are for? We got married for this exact purpose, Kitten."

"Right," Shouta drawled, lips twitching up into a grin. He gently started to scratch Precious behind the ears. His old cat immediately tilted her head up and started to almost vibrate with her purrs. "We got married with the knowledge that one day, I'd have a Problem Child with a list of problems so long that I'd need a husband to take care of half of them. And I asked you because of your amazing organization skills and nothing else."

Hizashi nodded seriously, sitting down on the arm of the chair. He reached down and started running his fingers through Shouta's hair who immediately tilted his head up to give Hizashi better access to it. His eyes slipped closed, and he sighed softly at the soothing sensation. "Well, *duh.* We said that in our vows, remember? Blah, blah, blah, I'll love you forever, always protect your back, something, something, and then the important bit. I'll always take on half of your problems and help you with your Problem Child's problems."

Shouta hummed and nodded tiredly. "Of course," he mumbled. "I take half of your problems and you take half of mine." He slowly cracked one eye open and looked up at Hizashi who was smiling down at him softly. "I love you," he mumbled. Shouta always preferred actions over words. Making sure that Hizashi had fresh paper at his desk at all times, going out and grabbing his favourite soup at his favourite restaurant, and other little acts of service that said things that Shouta always had trouble saying aloud. But he would never get over the rush that came with saying those three little words to Hizashi.

Hizashi's eyes softened, and he leaned down to press a kiss to Shouta's cheek. "I love you too, kitten," he murmured. He stayed there for a moment, just pressed up against Shouta's side, before pulling away. "Did you have a good day, kittycat?"

Shouta snorted, pulling away and letting his hair fall in front of his eyes to hide the pink blush staining his cheeks. "It was . . . a Wednesday. Mineta got suspended for his Quirkest comments and Midoriya missed his morning classes because the comments made him dissociate."

"Oof," Hizashi muttered, wincing sympathetically. "Poor kid."

Shouta sighed and nodded. "Yep. But I also got the files from Yagi-san and talked to Midoriya's Quirk Counselor. And Midoriya and I managed to get a theory going about his new flight quirk. We think that it's bits of energy leaking out of him."

Hizashi arched his eyebrow. "How plausible do you think it is?"

"No idea. I'll leave that to his Quirk Counselor to figure out. I'm not paid for that. The theory helped Midoriya learn to move through the air so," Shouta shrugged, "whatever works. I pulled Hadou down from her free period to come help and Midoriya managed to learn how to steer. Clumsily but it's a start."

Hizashi grinned and took a long sip of his tea. “That’s great. I’ll talk to him about it tomorrow during our lesson.” His grin sharpened into a little smirk. “Think that he might be ready by your two-week deadline?”

Shouta rolled his eyes and shrugged. “We’ll see,” he muttered. He moved his fingers down to Precious’ chin. The cat allowed it for a moment before jumping off of his lap and padding over to the couch. Shouta’s lap was empty for about a quarter of a second before Hizashi was sliding down to take the spot. Shouta snaked his arms around Hizashi’s waist and pulled his husband close to his chest, carefully aware of the hot tea still in Hizashi’s hands. “‘muri said that she’d send me a report of how Shinsou did in Heroics today. He did well on Monday and yesterday and Midoriya is doing well with mastering his new Flight quirk. They might just be ready for the Provisional Exams at this rate.”

Hopefully anyway. He’d hate for them to be disappointed by him making them wait the extra few months.

“Oh, they’ll be ready alright. You’ll whip them into shape.” Hizashi chuckled and leant his head against Shouta’s shoulder. “I bet that they’ll be the two to watch out for. Dear God, they’ll be exactly like you were, I just know it. They’ll look at the transfer student from General Education and the kid who broke his bones on Global television and think they’re easy pickings.”

A feral grin grew on Shouta’s lips. “I hope that’s exactly what they all think,” he muttered viciously. After all, that’s what they all thought of Shouta himself when he went to his own Provisional Exams. Small, awkward, transfer student Aizawa Shouta with a weak Quirk that had no offensive abilities. Easy pickings. “It’ll make it all the better when they fail.”

When Shinsou and Midoriya showed them exactly what kind of easy pickings they were.

Hizashi grinned and shrugged. “Hey, just try and record it, will you? I can’t exactly leave my 1-C kiddos all alone to go off gallivanting with you and your little hellions. Especially Bakugou. By the way,” Hizashi's face softened in concern, “did you give him that book he was reading in Homeroom today? Ah, the one published in Canada? What was it called?” Hizashi hummed and tapped his fingers against Shouta’s biceps. “Right. *How Growing up Quirkless Shapes Our Lives and Breaks Our Souls. True Stories from Real-Life Quirkless People*. He hasn’t

looked up from it since he got it yesterday. I had to call his name almost three times at the start of English to get his attention so he'd put it away."

"I did, yes," Shouta confirmed. "He wanted to know why everyone cared about what he did to Midoriya before Yuuei, so I gave him the book. Hopefully it'll help explain it to him. What do you think?"

Hizashi hummed and shrugged. "He seems pretty damn thoughtful; I'll give him that. He was quiet as a lamb today. Didn't say a thing to anyone. He just kept his head down and kept reading. He seemed super invested in it. So, I don't know. Something might just be getting through that head of his. But we'll just have to wait and see."

Waiting. Shouta had gotten pretty damn good at waiting. That was all he felt that he could do sometimes.

"Yeah," Shouta muttered. "Wait and see." He nuzzled his face into the top of Hizashi's head and sighed. "Why don't we invite Nemuri over tonight? The three of us could grade our papers and assignments. Maybe watch a movie?"

Hizashi gasped playfully. "Who are you and what have you done with my husband? Aizawa Shouta? Being the one to initiate social interaction?" He pulled away slightly to look Shouta in the eyes. "You okay, Shouchan?"

Shouta sighed and rubbed at his eyes. "I'm just tired, 'Zashi. So many disasters lately. I'd like to have all of my family close tonight. If I could warp Tensei over here from Hosu then I would. But I'll work with the family I have close." He paused before glancing up at Hizashi. "Is that okay?"

There was a small part of him, a part that Shouta knew was nothing more than trauma and remnants of past pain, that sometimes whispered that Hizashi would get tired of how clingy Shouta could be at times. It was trauma from years of being pushed aside and ignored and it was something that he had already talked to Hizashi about years ago at length. Logically he knew that Hizashi would never leave him, especially not for wanting to be close to him. No one in his family would. But he couldn't help the fear.

Luckily, Hizashi never did anything to prove that illogical old fear right. "Of course, Shouchan. I'll text Nemuri and we'll have a grading party. Put on some old Disney movies. What'cha think of

watching *Aristocats*, huh?" He grinned and whistled out a few short notes of the song, *Everybody wants to be a cat.* "That *is* your favourite Disney movie."

"It's also completely true. Who *doesn't* want to be a cat?" Shouta closed his eyes and yawned widely, nuzzling his cheek into Hizashi's hair. "I'll tell you who. Evil people. That's who."

Hizashi let out a bark of laughter. "You can't call people who don't want to be a cat evil, Shou!"

"Pure. Evil." Shouta hummed and leaned back into the plush armchair, tension slowly leaking out of his body. "I'm gonna fall asleep now," he mumbled. And I'm not planning on letting you go either, 'Zashi."

Hizashi chuckled and shifted so they were both in a bit more of a comfortable position. "See, this is exactly why I call you kitten, Kitten. You take one look at something and just claim it as yours. Well, that and I've seen you actually lay on the ground just because there was a sunny patch there."

Shouta grunted and stretched his legs out before pulling them close to his body. "Sleeping," he muttered. "Stop teasing and sleep."

Just as he was drifting off, Shouta felt Hizashi shift slightly and pull him closer to his side. "Alright, Shouchan. Have a good sleep. You've done enough for now. Just rest."

And in the comfort of his husband's arms and with the knowledge that his students were safe in the dorms, Shouta did just that.

End Notes

Okay, so, me and my beta had a bit of a debate. How many of you heard of the phrase "Screwed the Pooch?" Because I say that's an expression and she says that she's never heard of it.

There's going to be a bit of a jumpcut after this fic. I just needed to get some stuff down before the mini time skip. Just by a few days or so.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!